

# Honolulu Star-Bulletin

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EDITOR

MONDAY

SEPTEMBER 17, 1917.

## Good Roads and Bad Roads

A good road is the highway obtained from a mixture of the type of road material which experience has proved will carry the load, an application of a given number of days of honest labor, the carrying out of specifications that give evidence of the use of brain power, and the whole thing capped by a determination to make the construction such that it will stand for years.

A bad road is any part of or all of this combination, mixed with cheap politics, which interpreted means a greater regard for who builds the road and gets the money for it, than for the excellence of the highway and what it will stand after it is laid down.

There is just about the same relation between a good road and a bad one in their influence on mankind as there is between a good egg and a bad one in their influence on one's breakfast in the morning.

Few men outside of jail or the lunatic asylum are willing to admit in this day and generation that they do not believe in good roads, which we all know are one of the first evidences of advancing civilization.

A great many men are quite willing that others than themselves should pay the money for the roads, but the poor grafter on other people's money we have had with us always.

No Hawaiian wants to admit that he doesn't want any roads and would prefer to go back to the grass-hut age. No Japanese is willing to admit that he prefers a Nipponese alley to a wide boulevard. No Chinese is anxious to admit that a Canton lane is better than a street of macadam. And no one of the Caucasian races believes in going back to the jackass trails of the pioneer days just because their forefathers were able to make their way about the world in a slow and primitive manner.

All of this is true. And yet we find men of means and otherwise rated as intelligent, devoting time to a discussion of what splendid roads we had, say, on the other side of this island twenty-five years ago, when the passing of one wagon in three hours would be heavy traffic and the upkeep of twenty miles of road would be expensive indeed if it required more than one day a week by one man at one dollar a day.

Just at the present time the problem of good roads and bad roads in these islands is not so much a matter of money, or information regarding construction, as it is a plain proposition of getting a fair return for the money that is being spent to make the highway.

If we are to have good roads in Hawaii we must build up and support a public sentiment that does not care a whoop about who builds the road so the road is built right, is permanent and represents a fair amount of business honesty and human intelligence.

The men of the Hawaiian blood have come to believe that they have a special kuleana on the road building work of these islands. I do not know of anyone who wants to disturb the men on this kuleana. But there is one thing in connection with it that is just as sure as the rising and setting of the sun. If any of the men on this kuleana think that they are demonstrating their superior capacity for self-government and improving their status as citizens by supporting any administration that will allow them or anyone else to do slovenly, cheap and wasteful work, they are laboring under a terrible mistake. Some day they will wake up to a realization that such a position is an insult to good sense and a reflection on the ability and integrity of every man connected with it.

### LIGHTING BY WIND NOT NEW.

Electric lighting by wind power is nothing new for Honolulu. An aeromotor lighting plant was installed at the Diamond Head residence of the late James Campbell many years ago by the late James Cassidy, manager of the old Bell Telephone Company. When the wind was blowing the electric current was collected in a storage battery. The electrician had a curious problem to solve. Shortly before that time a wealthy man in the western states had installed a plant of this kind but it was a failure because, when the battery became charged over a certain point, the current kicked back and turned the windmill against the wind until its strength was exhausted. This produced a deadlock as bad as that existing in Honolulu today between the mayor's appointing and the supervisors' approving power.

Direct giving is infinitely more economical for benevolent purposes than the bazaar method, yet perhaps a bazaar would catch enough slackers from the strenuous campaign for straight money to make it worth while. A question to be considered in this regard is that of the diversion of real Red Cross handiwork effort to the making of trumpery for the bazaar.

Let your criticism of Washington be tempered with consideration. The leaders there are today facing a job bigger than departmental officials ever assumed before in all of our history. Pin your faith to the men at the wheel till you know that they are off their course. Then think of what a mess you would probably make of it if you had the job.

Suburban sections are badly in need of protection from rowdy chauffeurs who sound their horns for whole block lengths, sometimes in fact running back and forth to prolong the disturbance. If the police cannot stop this nuisance, the sufferers will be apt to protect themselves.

There is no danger of this wasteful and slovenly work in a community that is willing to apply a fair measure of business management to its public affairs.

There is serious and definite danger of slovenly work and foolish waste in a community whose managers determine first the color of a man's hair, who tagged him last just before the election, for whom he voted and how he is likely to vote next time; there is absolute danger ahead for the community whose managers think of and act upon all these things before they are ready to take up and decide whether a man is capable of filling a position on the road construction scheme.

Cheap politics, and by that is meant partisan and factional politics, will turn the best road ever planned into the rottenest road ever traveled.

These are facts that have been demonstrated just as clearly as the value of a good road in its relation to the progress and good name of a city or town.

It is impossible to construct a system of good roads with men or material that have personal and factional politics mixed into the assembling and the makings anywhere along the route. This sort of politics means a trade somewhere along the route and the price of that trade is a sacrifice of time—excessive labor costs—and "skinning the job" in construction. For all this, the community pays. And for all this, the community curses its fate and too frequently chloroforms itself into the lazy man's state of mind that "it can't be helped."

The solution of the whole problem may be found in a consistent and insistent, practical campaign that will cause people to keep their eye on the road.

Just keep constantly in mind that it is the road we want. We don't care whether the man who handles the pick wears a pink shirt or a blue shirt or no shirt at all. It is the road we want. We don't care whether the man building it is named Bill Jones, Kananani, Arakawa or Chop Suey. It's the road we want. A road that will stand the traffic, a road planned by men who have some capacity for visualizing the future, a road that is sound and substantial in all the details of its construction, a road that is permanent, a road that is a credit to the men who built it and the people in whose town it runs, a road to which every man, woman and child can point with old-fashioned pride as the work of their fellow citizens, a lasting monument to their integrity, common sense and ability.

It is a comparatively simple task to survey a road and specify the materials.

The record shows that it is a superlatively difficult task to prevent cheap politics from ruining that road.

But it can be done through the application of a fair amount of unselfish attention to public affairs by the average citizen, at a time when his attention and action will count.

It can be done through the exercise of intelligent cooperation.

It can be done if the men who are profiting by the hard work and the sacrifices and the brains of the pioneers of this nation will give a relatively small share of their time to the management of the municipal plant which is our plant and our business.

There is just one point where the analogy of the bad egg and the bad road do not connect.

When you get a bad egg, you can rightly blame either the hen that did not notify you that when the egg was laid or the forces of nature that started the noisome decay. When you get a bad road in this country of government of, for and by the people, you have only yourself to blame.

Lumber manufacturers of the Northwest must be held to blame for the shipbuilding strike. Why they should persist in maintaining a ten-hour day against the almost universal eight-hour rule of the rest of the industrial world needs explanation.

Utter incompetency on the part of those responsible for enforcement of the law to regulate traffic in deadly weapons is evident from the countless shootings and threats to shoot appearing in current police reports.

Atkinson and Pauoa parks will shortly be secured for the people, with Kaimuki park thrown in for good measure, in spite of the obstructionists that fought the original bond proposition including those purposes.

With the splendid example shown by the Rice descendants at Moiliili, some other honorable ancestry might be found as the motive for securing the Beretania playground in perpetuity.

If the food commission leads Hawaii to feed itself, it will be bringing home the harvest for which the press of Honolulu for more than half a century has been sowing the seed.

If aliens are good enough to assist in creating the country's wealth, they ought to be good enough to help in the country's defense. Willingness is a strong qualification in itself.

The lack of care on the part of the other fellow who is driving an automobile seems to be about as dangerous as being in a first line trench.

Civic Convention visitors ought to be shown the federal building site and asked to remember Honolulu's great need in their dreams.

Painleve is entitled to honorary membership in the cabinetmakers' union.

## HOLDS COPS AT BAY WITH PISTOL

Calmly rolling a cigarette with one hand, while he waved the muzzle of a .38 caliber revolver around in the air with the other, a Hawaiian named Puuaoole, of Kalia, near Kamehameha IV Road, held four police officers at bay for four lengthy hours Saturday night. When the "desperado," who was evidently crazed by drink, got tired of the gunplay, he lay down on the doorstep of his fortress and dozed off into slumber. The police then jumped their man, lifted his gun, and rushed him to headquarters. He is booked for "investigation," according to the police blotter.

It seems that the Hawaiian's wife burst into headquarters late Saturday night with the story that her husband was raising a rumpus, and she wanted the police to quiet him. Motorcycle Officer Branco went to the scene of activity, but was met by the muzzle of a brand new .38.

"You get out o' here before I shoot you," the Hawaiian gunman is said to have replied to the officer's admonitions. "You might kill me, but I'll get a couple o' cops first."

Soon Motorcycle Officers Sizemore, Stubbleben and Ferry came along to reinforce Branco, but whenever the quartet tried to rush the house the Hawaiian was there with the artillery. Finally Puuaoole lay down and went to sleep, and awoke later at headquarters. The firearm was a brand new one and heavily loaded. The police explained that because the man was on his own premises, they were afraid to shoot. In that event, it is said, the man might lodge a charge of attempt to murder against the officers.

## REFUSING TO REVEAL CASH BOX, JAPANESE IS BADLY BEATEN UP

After demanding of the Japanese watchman whether or not there was any money about the place, two masked men returned the second time and upon the refusal of the watchman to reveal the money, beat him up badly. The assault took place at the garage of Henry Hughes, King street, early yesterday morning.

The watchman explained that at 12:30 o'clock two men approached him and demanded to know where the money was kept. The boy replied that there was no money about the place. Two hours later the men returned, this time wearing masks, and began to beat him up. The cries of the Japanese for help attracted the police, but the thugs escaped.

### LETTERS

#### RESENTS POLICE SLUR

Editor Honolulu Star-Bulletin.  
Sir: Referring to your article of September 11, 1917, affecting the soldiers and "Bloodtown." Since when have the soldiers of Schofield Barracks turned their way to insult the women of that town, or any other, for that matter?

It is evident, from the tone of the article, that the said officers of the territory do not want the soldiers in Hawaii, well it is a "cinch" that the soldiers are not in love with the islands, or the treatment accorded them here; we would be only too glad to get away if possible, or is it that the peace officers are rewarded, because they, at last, have to wake up and do a little of the duty that the soldiers have been so kind to do for them the last few months.

We all know the class of people that naturally migrate to a town situated as close to a big body of men as Schofield is not of the best, and I think that this paper would use a little common sense and not put all the blame for disturbances to the soldiers.

They are sure knocked enough without the papers giving them the worst of it.

Hoping to see this published in the paper soon.

I remain,  
CPL. A. CANTOS,  
Co. C, 32nd Infantry,  
Camp "Fort Armstrong," Honolulu,  
September 14.

### VITAL STATISTICS

#### BORN

SIVLA—In Honolulu, September 12, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Jose Silva, of 1922 Dole street, Auwailimu, twin sons, Rudolph and William.

#### DIED

QUON—In the Queen's hospital, Honolulu, September 13, 1917, Quon Leong Au, of Kamanu lane, married, bookkeeper, native of Wallua, Kauai, 24 years, three months and four days old.

## WARN SOLDIERS AGAINST DRUGS

In a memorandum of the Hawaiian department, just issued by order of Brig-Gen. John P. Wisner, department commander, army men are warned against the use of narcotic drugs.

Following is a brief outline of the order:

"The Harrison Narcotic Act of December 17, 1914, provides in Section 3, with reference to opium and cocaine states:

"That it shall be unlawful for any person not registered under the provisions of this act—to have in his possession or control any of the aforesaid drugs; and such possession or control shall be presumptive evidence of the violation of this section—the burden of proof of any exemption shall be upon the defendant."

"And in Section 9:  
"That any person who violates any of the requirements of this act shall, on conviction, be fined not more than \$2000, or be imprisoned for not more than five years, or both, in the discretion of the court."

"Any soldier may be tried under the 96th article of war by court martial for violation of the above act."

"In order to protect young soldiers from the insidious ravages of the opium habit; and, at the same time, to prevent lukewarm soldiers from seizing upon opium as a means of securing separation from the service in time of war, the following is ordered:

"Soldiers are hereby forbidden to use opium except when prescribed by any army medical officer, to have in their possession, or to enter (except in pursuance of a military duty requiring such entry) any room, building, or other place, where opium is unlawfully sold, supplied, bartered, given away, or used."

"Ignorance of the nature of such place shall not be considered a defense for any accused on trial before a court martial. It is hereby made the duty of each person in the military service to ascertain the nature of any such place before entering therein."

"All violations of this order will be tried by general court martial; and no such court martial will be considered to have done its duty if on conviction of the violation of any part of this order, it shall adjudge a sentence of less than dishonorable discharge and confinement for three years at hard labor."

## EGGS, POTATOES ARE VERY SCARCE

Island eggs have advanced another three cents a dozen this week and are very scarce. There are not near enough island eggs in the market at the present time to supply the demand. The prices of California eggs have also advanced. Island chickens are scarce but the prices are the same as they were last week.

There is a good supply of Muscovy ducks at the present time which is just about meeting the demand. Twice a week, the division will receive oheo berries from Hilo. These berries sell for 10 cents a pound retail, the same as the pobas, and are very good for making jelly and jams.

Island Irish potatoes are scarce and there will not be many shipped to the market for about a month. The price of sweet potatoes has remained the same this week but are selling better than they did last week.

The division has just received and printed a seed price list that will be of interest to island people wishing to purchase any seeds. We will gladly send a copy to any one upon request.

O. B. LIGHTFOOT,  
Acting Supt.

## NO PROVISION AGAINST SAKE YET PUBLISHED

"No food control provision has yet been published prohibiting the manufacture of sake. It is classed as a wine."

This is the message received from Commissioner W. H. Osborn of the treasury department in response to a cabled query from Acting Internal Revenue Collector Ralph S. Johnstone on Saturday afternoon.

Unless some subsequent ruling is made to the contrary, sake will continue to be manufactured here. Sake contains practically the same proportion of alcohol as wine, 18 per cent, while beer contains about two and one-half per cent. It is seemingly classed with wine because of this similar proportion and because it is not distilled.

It is reported from Vienna that Dr. Kramarzh and Dr. Rasin have been liberated.



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## PAIR OF OXEN SELLS FOR \$1600 IN CITY OF BRUSSELS, REPORT

(By Associated Press.)  
HAVRE, France.—The price of a pair of oxen in Brussels is now equivalent to \$1600, according to information received in Belgian official circles here. Besides a few donkeys oxen are about the only means the Belgian population has for the transportation of goods and merchandise. Even these are being requisitioned by the Germans.

Food continues to grow scarce. Flour is made of 97 per cent of the whole wheat and the rations of the Royal Dutch Relief committee are being reduced.

Industry is practically suppressed. The Germans having ordered that all factories employing more than a dozen men must work for the German army or close their doors.

## JAPAN HONORS SECRETARY OF AMERICAN EMBASSY

(By Associated Press.)  
TOKIO, Japan.—Sumner Wells, secretary of the American embassy at Tokio, who is returning to the United States on leave, was the guest of honor recently at a dinner given by the American community and in a speech, Mr. Wells, referring to the relations between Japan and the United States, said that if the time for the cessation of unworthy suspicious has not come one might well despair of its ever arriving.

"Today," he declared, "The American man."

people and the Japanese people are fighting together in a common cause. Everything is propitious for a closer friendship than ever before. I, for one, believe implicitly that all that is necessary for that desired end is a clearer vision—a greater striving for mutual understanding."

## EAR-RING TORN OUT; WOMAN SEIZES MAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—While swimming at the foot of Henderson's walk, Coney Island, Mrs. Sarah Adler of 123 Avenue C, Manhattan, felt a sudden sharp pain in her left ear. Putting up her hand, she discovered the loss of a diamond ear-ring valued at \$275. She grabbed a man standing near her and screamed for help.

At the Coney Island station the man said he was David Rosansky, a clerk, of 2809 Surf avenue, Coney Island. He denied taking the ear-ring. Mrs. Adler's ear, badly torn, was treated by a life guard. The ear-ring was not found.

### PERSONALITIES

MRS. C. F. FINKBONER, third clerk and stenographer at the police station, who is ill with typhoid fever at the Queen's hospital, is reported to be recovering nicely.

Church—I understand your boy took drawing lessons while at college. Gotham—So he did.

"What was his specialty?" "Drawing on me."—Yonkers Statesman.

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